

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinckes to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpets
the while.*

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Heeres to thy health : giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you ?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowles to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertraid doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfined cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think'r.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord ?

Ostr. How ist Laertes ?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge Ostrick,

Prince of Denmark

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery

Ham. How dooes the Queene ?

King. Shee sounds to see them bleed

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke

The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined

Ham. O villanie, how let the door

Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art fla

No medcin in the world can doe th

In thee there is not halfe an houres li

The treacherous instrument is in my

Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule

Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere

Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's po

I can no more, the King, the Kings t

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, the

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I a

Ham. Heare thou incestious dam

Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe

Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poy

Exchange forgiueneffe with me no

Mine and my fathers death come no

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it

I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene

You that looke pale, and tremble at

That are but mutes, or audience to

Had I but time, as this fell sergeant D

Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell yo

But let it be ; Horatio I am dead,

Thou liuest, report me and my cause

To the vnstatisfied.

Hora. Neuer believe it ;

I am more an anticke Romaine then

Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen

O.